

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

SUNDAY, June 21, 1914.

The House met at 12 o'clock noon and was called to order by the Speaker pro tempore, Mr. RIORDAN.

The Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou God and Father of us all, we wait on Thy blessing as we assemble here on this peaceful Sabbath day to commemorate the life and deeds of a departed Member of this House; who won by dint of his own efforts the confidence, love, and respect of his fellows and leaves behind him a worthy record as a servant of the people in his State and Nation. Strong of mind, warm of heart, generous to all who sought him, the poor, the needy, the sick, the distressed, the unfortunate, the outcast found in him a sympathetic, tender, and devoted friend.

We thank Thee for the germ of goodness and purity Thou hast imparted unto Thy children, especially for the good which sees, loves, and acts. Such were his virtues. So may we cherish his memory and emulate his virtues.

Comfort his many friends, his dear ones, and bring them at last to share with him the reward of an everlasting life. In the name of Him who taught us life, love, immortality, and how to pray—Our Father who art in heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever. Amen.

APPROVAL OF THE JOURNAL.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the Journal of the proceedings of yesterday.

Mr. CONRY. Mr. Speaker, I move to dispense with the reading of the Journal.

The motion was agreed to.

The Journal of the proceedings of yesterday was approved.

THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The Clerk will read the special order.

The Clerk read as follows:

On motion of Mr. FITZGERALD, by unanimous consent, *Ordered*, That Sunday, June 21, 1914, be set apart for addresses upon the life, character, and public services of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Representative from the State of New York.

Mr. GOLDFOGLE. Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I send to the desk and ask to have read.

The Clerk read as follows:

HOUSE RESOLUTION 549.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity be given for tribute to the memory of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, late a Member of this House from the State of New York.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Resolved, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That at the conclusion of to-day's proceedings the House, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, do stand adjourned.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions.

The resolutions were agreed to.

[Mr. FITZGERALD addressed the House. See Appendix.]

Mr. GOLDFOGLE. Mr. Speaker, almost a year has passed since "the Stern Reaper, who gathereth all in whenever in His wisdom he may appoint," laid his dark and icy hand on one of our number, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN; and, in accordance with the beautiful and time-honored custom of the House, we pause amid the stress of legislative duties to fittingly pronounce our estimate on the life and character of the distinguished dead.

I rise, sir, to pay my tribute of respect to the memory of our departed colleague, whose life was one of intense interest, filled with varied experiences and marvelous activities.

He was born on February 6, 1863. At the early age of 23, then already popular with the people of his district, he was elected a member of the Assembly of the State of New York, in which he served eight continuous terms, until 1894. He was then chosen a State senator, and continued in the senate until 1903. In 1902 he was elected a Representative in the Fifty-eighth Congress, and reelected to the Fifty-ninth Congress, from which, after a brief service, he resigned to go back to the State senate. He was again chosen a senator, and finally elected by an admiring constituency to the Sixty-third Congress, in which he served until he met his untimely and tragic death.

Timothy D. Sullivan's character was as unique as it was great. From the very hour he reached manhood's estate he became, and continued until his unfortunate death, a prominent figure in the politics of both State and city. As a leader of

men he attracted widespread attention, not only of those engaged in public affairs, but of the citizenship generally. No man in our city was better or more widely known than he. No man within his time built up through personal effort and kept throughout the struggles and vicissitudes of political life a larger, stronger, or more faithful and loyal following.

In the State legislature, during the score of years of his service, he was a most influential and frequently a dominating factor. No man in the ordinary walks of private or public life had a larger acquaintance with men of every rank, station, and condition. His friends were countless thousands; not merely in the State, but were to be found throughout the Union. This man, whose influence among the people and in legislative halls was so extensive, whose power in legislature and in party council was so great, whose knowledge of public affairs so diversified, whose keenness of intellect gave him such insight into the intricacies of political affairs as at times made him master of political situations, whose army of friends and devoted followers were numberless, whose name was a household word in his district and the surrounding neighborhood, whose successes in business enterprises as well as in politics followed one another closely, whose liberal generosity, broad charity, and merciful kindness to the needy and the fallen brought cheer to many a heavy heart and sunshine to many a desolate home—this man came from the ranks of the lowly and the humble, for he was born in poverty and reared amid adversity.

Bereft of his father when but a small lad, TIMOTHY in his earliest years had already tasted the cup of sorrow. He became a newsboy, and with the scant earnings from vending papers in the street this ragged, barefooted boy aided in the support of his widowed mother.

I shall never forget the occasion when SULLIVAN, in a public meeting some years ago, spoke in defending himself against an attack made on him in the public prints. It was contrary to his custom to reply to such criticism, but this once he departed from his accustomed way. He referred feelingly to his early training by his aged mother; and this strong, manly man, who had courageously fought many a battle and bravely withstood many a political storm, burst into tears that told more deeply than words can describe the depths of his filial love and the intensity of his sympathetic soul.

He represented part of the East Side of New York City. Its population, comprising people of various nationalities, animated by their love and appreciation of the value of our American institutions, take pride and display keen interest in the men they select for public office. It is a tenement-house district, abounding with myriads of homes of the struggling and toiling masses. It has not the advantages of the more fortunate and wealthy, but it is rich—exceedingly rich—in the possession of a good, honest, intelligent, thrifty and industrious people, the so-called everyday people, who make up the bone and sinew and contribute to the strength and the pride of our citizenship and the welfare of our country.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was in close sympathy and touch with his people. He mingled with them in the warm spirit of genuine fellowship. The most humble and unfortunate could approach him as readily as those in the higher ranks of life. Kind-hearted and generous to a fault, he never was so happy as when he could relieve the distress of the poor or assist some erring being who in his weakness needed the aid of his fellow man to help him rise again. He understood the frailties of human nature and what temptations in the hour of penury and sorrow and tribulation beset men. He did not, as some do, preach mercy and kindness and forgiveness and then withhold the helping hand to lift up the fallen and penitent that he may regain usefulness and be restored to self-respect. The grief of man or woman, the tear of suffering child, the pitiful entreaty of an erring soul appealed quickly to his gentle and sympathetic nature. His manifold acts of kindness attested that he was in unison with the sentiment expressed by the poet:

In men whom we condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom we pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

He had risen to a position of affluence, yet he had always the same plain man of the people. He never forgot he sprang from them and was uplifted by them. He observed one rule for rich and poor alike. He was a man of action and of deeds, and not of words. Indeed—

He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of manly grace.
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands stood still.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was an uncompromising Democrat. He fought hard and skillfully for his party and never failed in the district wherein he was the idol of his followers to bring success to the Democratic ticket. Yet, withal, his fairness secured for him a host of friends from the ranks of his political adversaries.

He was not an orator who dealt in flowery language and ornate periods, but a logical, practical, and convincing talker who presented his facts clearly in a common-sense way and frequently with commanding power. Had he remained in Congress he might have developed into a useful, working Member. His large legislative experience would have stood him well in hand and his work in committee could have been most useful. There is a mistaken notion prevalent among many of the American people that the best work of Congress is done on the floor and that to be a useful Member one must be found there indulging frequently in spirited debate. They little know that some of the most laborious and serviceable work is done by the earnest, sincere Member of the House in the committee room. And after all, there in the committee room, where the complex problems are first investigated and discussed, and where the difficult task of framing and shaping legislation to be reported to the House, or where bills without merit are to be laid aside, is where the usefulness, the skill, and the ability of a Member is oft put to severe test.

The malady with which Mr. SULLIVAN was stricken unfortunately cut short his career, and in September last we were startled with the intelligence of his pathetic death. The reports published in almost every newspaper in the land sent a shudder of horror through us all. It was the story of a great tragedy, and friend and foe alike in sorrow mourned. Again came vividly and in startling form the lesson we so frequently forget that teaches the uncertainty of human life. The awful story of the tragic death of this man whose district loved him so devotedly cast a gloom all over the locality where he was known so well. The people there mourned as they had never mourned before the loss of any of their neighbors or public men. The terrible news that this man in the prime of life and the height of his career had met with such a fearful fate brought again to the minds of men a realization of how vain after all is this transitory existence.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Mr. Speaker, the funeral of TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was one of the most remarkable in point of attendance of people and in general sorrowing and mourning of a devoted constituency ever witnessed anywhere. For days the body of the deceased lay in the club house on the Bowery, and the scene there of men and women, with saddened faces and tearful eyes, coming and going by the thousands during all the hours and way into the far hours of the night was most inspiring and deeply affecting. As the throngs came and went—the rich, the middle class, and the poor—as the many thousands of those who had been the recipients of SULLIVAN's benefactions and his kindness cast longing, lingering looks on the face of the man they had loved so well, as they knelt and silently prayed for the repose of his soul and then departed with faces betokening unfeigned sorrow and poignant grief at the loss of him who was in truth their friend, the stoutest heart was moved to tears. The floral tributes coming from every quarter of the city and from other sections of the State, the attendance of men and women and children from far and wide to pay respect to the memory of this man attested the universal popularity of our late colleague whose life, whose career, and death are so full of incident, so dramatic in detail, so fraught with lessons of equal opportunity in this Republic to all.

And those of us who in the sad contemplations of this hour reflect upon the many who have left us to go to the land of shadows and enter the state of a blissful immortality, as we take a retrospect and think of the losses we have suffered in the past we may well say—

Life's shores are shifting	Every year.
And we are seaward drifting	Every year.
Old places, changing, fret us,	
The living more forget us,	
There are fewer to regret us	Every year.
But the truer life grows nigher	Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,	
And the heavy burdens lighter,	
And the dawn immortal brighter.	Every year.

Mr. KAHN. Mr. Speaker, the life and public service of our late colleague, Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, are a shining example of the great possibilities that lie in the path of every American citizen. He was one of the plain people—a true type of his constituents. They looked to him for leadership and advice and always found a sympathetic listener and a willing counselor whenever they applied to him for sympathy or counsel. His was a strong character. He was an apt student in the school of practical experience. He learned to know men as they are, not as the idealists paint them. He became a leader among his fellows because the plain people whom he represented believed in him and had confidence in his judgment.

His goodness of heart and his many deeds of charity made his name a household word in hundreds of the homes of his congressional district. Indeed, his bounty and his charity were known all over the great metropolis in which he was born and grew to man's estate. He was always willing to extend aid to relieve distress and to give help to the needy. His bigness of heart and his love of his fellow man manifested themselves in various benefactions for which he became justly noted. He always found time to give a little attention to those who were less fortunate than he in the struggle for existence. Small wonder, therefore, that when the news of his tragic death was announced in the press of the country there was genuine sorrow for this big-hearted liberal-minded son of the East Side of New York. The thousands who stood with bent head and tearful eyes as his remains were carried to their last resting place attested more eloquently than spoken words the deep affection they had for this simple, rugged type of the self-made American citizen.

Personally, representing in part the city of San Francisco, Cal., and speaking for my constituency, I take this occasion to express the deep sense of obligation and gratitude which I and my constituents feel toward our late colleague. In 1911 the city of San Francisco desired to receive congressional recognition as the place to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal in 1915. The contest for the honor was a long and hard-fought battle. Mr. SULLIVAN had unbounded confidence in the future of the great West and felt that San Francisco was the logical point at which the exposition in commemoration of the completion of that feat should be celebrated. Without hesitation he threw the weight of his great influence in favor of San Francisco. He was a tower of strength to our cause in that fight. I believe it but justice to his memory to make this brief statement in acknowledgment of the debt of gratitude which we of San Francisco and the Pacific coast owe him.

Mr. TEN EYCK. Mr. Speaker, my late colleague, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, has been called from among us to fill his allotted place in the great to-morrow, without having had an opportunity to fill his last mission which an admiring and loving constituency intrusted to him. His personality will live forever in the hearts of the people in the great East Side of New York until they are called to cross the border to meet him on the other side, and the record of his charitable deeds will be handed down to their children's children as folklore in the community of his birth.

His hearty laugh, his genial manner, and his earnest and sincere loyalty to the people in his neighborhood, together with his deep interest in humanity and human kind, won him their everlasting gratitude, respect, love, and adoration, which all combined compose the bouquet of the human heart.

His parents belonged to that noble race whose love of liberty has caused them to fight on the side of freedom under every flag when it stood for justice and equality of the individual, and that race finally achieved self-government without an armed conflict. The inborn love for his fellowman, which shone out of his radiant face at all times, he inherited from his ancestral lineage.

He was born among the poor in the district that he represented, in the country his parents adopted, and never deserted their interests. He, knowing their wants by intimate contact, saw that they were filled; he was the arbitrator of their disputes, the leader in their pleasures, the champion of their cause, and the idol of their hearts.

They, in turn, honored him with the best gift they had—their franchise, which placed him among us as a Member of the House of Representatives, previously having sent him to the New York Legislature, thus delegating to him their interests in the framing of the laws under which they have to live.

His name is spoken in reverence; his life, which he lived for others, is referred to in terms of the deepest gratitude radiating from the hearts and souls of the poor people of the city in which he lived his life. His death is hallowed by that

true and sincere reverence and sorrow that the poor and lonely can only know.

Mr. CONRY. Mr. Speaker, TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN was a pioneer, a toiler, a leader in that great field of humanitarian activity that relieved the great East Side of 20 years ago of many of its sorrows, its hardships, and its woes. And we are met here to-day, in accordance with the time-honored custom of this House, to tell the simple story of his struggles for his fellow man, and to pay a well-merited tribute to his noble work and his great personal worth.

He possessed a strikingly attractive and magnetic personality, which enabled him to make and to retain friends. As a leader among men he ruled not with an iron hand but with a sympathetic and disinterested spirit of kindly consideration that impressed the recipient of his favor with the dignity and grandeur of his ingenuous nature. As a man he was ardently beloved by his friends and highly esteemed and honored by all who knew and understood his work. His good deeds and generous nature embraced all mankind and were circumscribed by no mean or narrow distinctions of race, creed, color, or condition in life. He was primarily the friend of the poor and the needy, and scores of the fallen and the outcast were given a new start and a better chance in life by this big-hearted, whole-souled, manly man.

He was always kind, and ever sought to win the confidence of men by sympathy and love. There was not even the semblance of malice in his nature. To him his erring and fallen brothers did not seem entirely depraved, although considered so by society. He believed they were not wholly bad, and that there dwelled deep down in the heart of every man, however unfortunate or misguided, true and God-given promptings and aspirations to the higher and nobler ideals of life. He knew that back of every thought and act were the original forces of heredity, that could be regulated and controlled by environment and circumstances, which furnished the seeds of either good or evil. And through all his days, with sound and stainless heart, he was kind, compassionate, tender, and helpful to the erring.

Born on the East Side, of poor but honest parents, richly endowed with the sterling qualities of good old Irish stock, he spent his infancy and youth amid the struggle and strife of the crowded streets of a great city. His father died, leaving him, at the tender age of 8, in poverty and obscurity, to begin the battle of life for the support of his widowed mother and her helpless children.

His childhood and youth were not passed in the comparatively easy poverty of the country, but in the repressive atmosphere of the grinding, sordid, baleful poverty of the congested districts of a great city. The inspiration of majestic nature in all her varied charms and beauty played very little part in the development of the character and quality of young TIM SULLIVAN. The bright and glorious sunrise, the whisper of the breeze in the forest, the sweet songs of the birds, the ever changing aspects of nature from verdant spring to golden harvest, never came with their mysterious blessings to mellow his young life. But from early childhood, through youth and young manhood, to maturity he found his inspiration in the faces of men and women living, like himself, the lives of hardship and struggle, lives from which the simple struggle for a bare existence sapped all the strength and energy of strong men and taxed to the breaking point the endurance of patient, loyal, devoted, self-sacrificing women. To carry whatever sunshine of human kindness he could find into these lives, to make this eternal and ceaseless battle of the breadwinner struggling for a mere existence a little lighter, became the constant aim and steady purpose of his noble life.

Inspired by a strong and deep-rooted love and solicitude for the welfare of his mother, his restless, ambitious nature craved ardently for work. He became a newsboy, then a bundle boy and a hustler in the newspaper offices of Park Row. His energy, industry, and activity soon won for him rapid advancement and promotion.

He was big, brawny, handsome, good-natured, and generous hearted, and by force of his dominating personality he forged to leadership, even in his childhood. He was the arbiter for his companions in their boyhood disputes, and the invariable justness of his decisions won for him the admiration, the confidence, and the esteem of all who knew him. He had the native wisdom of the untutored philosopher, the common sense of the matured man, and the heart of an innocent child.

He became active in politics, and soon won to his standard the men of the community who were worth while and who believed in his honesty, his loyalty, and his sincerity. He became in steady succession the leader of his district, assemblyman,

senator, Congressman. He was elected to every office of honor and distinction to which he aspired by overwhelming majorities. He never knew defeat. His people were as loyal to him as he was to them.

So completely had he won their affection and their confidence that there was no honor within the gift of his loyal and devoted people that they would not willingly have bestowed upon him. He was supreme in his district, and his supremacy was built upon the great love he had for the poor, the forsaken, the friendless. He shielded the weak and attacked the strong and gave to every man a square deal.

In business, as in politics, success and prosperity rewarded his genius and industry. His name became prominently associated with business enterprises extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast—enterprises through which he accumulated vast wealth. And he always acted in the control of that wealth upon the principle "that no man liveth and no man dieth unto himself alone." Mankind can not value the heritage of a life well lived. We can not all agree as to the life of any man; but if we write their good deeds upon the tablets of our hearts and their faults upon the sands of the seashore, when the waves have washed across the beach we will have stored up ideals for the betterment of mankind.

Stirred by the pathos of human suffering, knowing the pall that falls on every life that is blighted by adversity, knowing the anguish, the sorrow, the tears, the heartaches that lie within the lowly walls of the East Side tenement, this great and generous spirit, with sensibilities keenly alive to human frailty in all its forms, strove with all his power to better the lot of his less fortunate fellow man. Attacked on every side, maligned by those whose selfish interests were best subserved by impugning his lofty motives, assailed by all who preached the doctrine of scientific charity, a species of charity that his generous nature and noble heart could never understand, he wavered not in his steady purpose, but persevered wholeheartedly to the end.

He had no sympathy with the propaganda of scientific charity, but he did possess that serene philosophy that looks on sin as the inherent weakness of human nature and pities those who fall.

He lived a life replete with good and noble deeds, and each day added to the sum of human happiness. By direct giving and personal benefaction he carried happiness into the hearts of more people, relieved more distress, fed more of the hungry, clothed more of the poor, buried more of the unfortunate dead, and gave a new start in life to more of the helpless, the hopeless, the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune than was ever dreamed of in the whole philosophy of scientific charity. And his memory to-day is lovingly enshrined in the hearts of more men, women, and children, more clergymen, judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, more of the rich, the poor, and the unfortunate, than that of any other public man that has departed this life in the great metropolis in recent times.

The name of this noble soul is a household word in the great throbbing East Side. He battled for the hopes of men. His heart was with the unfortunate. He stood against the onslaughts of greed that preyed upon the lifeblood of the poor. In his beneficent labors for the outcast he did not fear to stand alone. He was brave, generous, loyal, and true, and he will long live in the affectionate regard of the legions of the lowly, who always looked up to him as their protector and their friend.

Mr. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, however familiar to us may be the details of the life of our lamented colleague, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, "time does not wither nor custom stale" them; each fresh narration is a "twice-told tale" of fascinating interest and power. The eloquent presentation of the facts of his life to which we have listened only serves to impress us more profoundly than ever with a sense of the man's bigness, and nothing now remains for those of us who knew him personally except to add a touch of color here and there to the portrait of him which has now been painted.

Considering only the externals of his life, the things most in the public eye, the one most impressive thing about him is that he was a self-made man. We hear much of such men in our land, and many are held up for the admiration and emulation of our youth; our democracy is boasted as the nursery of self-made men. But when the elements of family and social influence, hereditary wealth or prerogatives, fortunate circumstances, and good luck are eliminated, little is left of the "self-made" in many of these notable examples.

But analyze Representative SULLIVAN's life as you will, you can not escape the conclusion that his success, worldly or otherwise, was not due to adventitious aids, but solely and entirely to his native abilities and ambition, to restless energy and creative faculties. His desire to succeed and be an independent

factor in life made him a business man in his teens; his power over men, his talent for leadership, his magnetic personality, manifested themselves so early that he was an elected representative of his people as soon as he was a man.

True, he was a politician, and it has become the fashion to deride politicians as the epitome of all that is opposed to the interests of the people. Yet, judged even by the standards of the reformers and uplifters, Representative SULLIVAN was a fine example of success in public life. He represented the people of his district in the State Assembly and Senate and in Congress so well that he broke down all party lines and became the idol of every man, woman, and child. It was said of him that he carried his district around in his pocket. The truth was that he carried his district around in his personality, and it is given to few men to inspire in their friends and neighbors such affectionate devotion, such unbounded loyalty, as was given to him by all the people of his district.

And he deserved it all. Throughout his public life, and in the business life which brought him a competence and showed how well he could succeed in any field, he was ever a man of his word. He was a plain dealer and a truth-teller; he hated quibbles and evasions and technicalities; he tried for big things, he achieved big things, and success was dear to him; yet he would rather have failed a thousand times than once go back on his pledged word, the word which was his bond. In his own picturesque language, he was neither a "quitter" nor a "welcher." He was straight and true to the core, and upon that foundation his friends and followers built up their faith and loyalty.

But the most impressive side of his character, and the least known to the general public, was his bigness of heart, his free hand in the distribution of aid to the needy and helpless; his charities were not reported in the newspapers, and he was not a founder of colleges or libraries; yet for many years, in spite of the lack of press agents, he was the big brother and ever-ready friend to hundreds of families and thousands of people; he gave so freely and cheerfully, without question as to the history of the applicant or the use of the largess, that his close associates had to invent schemes to protect him from poverty.

He was thus a man of the people, never found wanting in times of trouble or need, the tried and true friend when the real test of friendship came. He was never much of an orator or talker; he never—

Walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be.

He was a man of deeds, of friendly acts, of the helping hand to his friends and neighbors; "the still strong man in a blatant land." His attitude toward life can be summed up in those splendid lines of Sam Walter Foss—

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

After years of personal association the term "Big Tim," to those privileged to so call him, came to represent all of affection and genuine feeling that could be crowded into a name; and his monument is now in the hearts of countless thousands who mourned his passing as a personal loss.

His end was a pathetic one, and yet such as he would have wished; no trappings or pageants, no "last words" to a tearful accompaniment; he wished to steal away as quietly as he could, without disturbance to the friends whose hearts were overflowing with love for him. He felt that his work was done, and he wanted to pass out unnoticed.

Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away,
With no response to the friendly hail
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.
In the silent hush of the twilight pale,
When the night stoops down to embrace the day,
And the voices call in the waters' flow—
Some time at eve when the tide is low,
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.

Thus quietly did he go; his memory will be no "thistle on the wind of many men's tongues," but a throbbing wound in loving hearts, lasting while life endures.

Peace to his ashes;
Honor to his memory.

[Mr. HAMILL addressed the House. See Appendix.]

Mr. GRIFFIN. Mr. Speaker, the House of Representatives, following a sacred custom, pauses on this Sabbath afternoon to render its tribute of respect to the name and memory of the late lamented TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, who represented in this Congress the Thirteenth New York District.

Born in New York City of Irish parentage in 1863, at a time when the North and South were engaged in unhappy internecine strife, his life spells American opportunity.

Poverty was his heritage. He made his own way in the business world, and in legislative halls by force of character. He rose from newsboy on the streets of the metropolis to a legislator of prominence in the Empire State, having been a member of the assembly for five years and a member of the State senate for 10 years. He also served in the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, affectionately known as "Big Tim" to every man, woman, and child in the Thirteenth New York District, was a postgraduate in the course of practical politics. His word was his bond, his pledge once given ever remained inviolate. He was loyal to his friends, devoted to their interests, unswerving in his party fealty.

He was not a hypocritical, theoretical moral uplifter, but a deep student of human nature, whose heart, early trained in the school of adversity, beat in sympathetic unison with the sufferings of frail humanity. The barefoot newsboy on the streets of Manhattan had known the pang of hunger and the heartache of poverty. In the classroom of experience he learned the wonderful significance of God's injunction, "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked." And when prosperity came he needed no urging to do the Master's bidding.

Christmas Day on the much-maligned, much-misunderstood Bowery, which loved him and which he loved, saw TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN in his happiest rôle—the almoner of the poor, the comforter of the afflicted. He loved mankind with a love that knew no limitations. His hands were always outstretched to the poor fellow who started life with the odds against him, who fell by the wayside in life's journey to the great beyond.

The words of his Creator, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," seemed to be the spirit that guided him in his treatment of those who sinned against society.

He is gone. The poor of New York City have lost a benefactor, the oppressed a champion, the fallen a mediator. He is gone, but his memory still lingers, and ever will, among the poor of the teeming lower East Side, who knew him best and loved him most.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all—
Thou hast all reasons for thine own, O Death!

Mr. GITTINS. Mr. Speaker, it fell to my lot to make formal announcement here of the death of Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, who had been elected to represent a New York City constituency here in the Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, and Sixty-third Congresses. He had also been four times elected and served four two-year terms in the senate of his native State. It was during my service in the State Senate of New York in 1911 and 1912 that I gained the pleasure and advantage of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with "Big Tim," as everyone called him. The name did not belie the man. It fitted, rather, every faculty of his mind, every phase of his character. It would not have been enough were he called "Pig-Hearted Tim."

Mr. Speaker, one of the great compensations which attend membership in the American House of Representatives is the privilege of meeting and knowing great men, statesmen and leaders of people. I have never met a man in public life anywhere who took deeper hold on my affections than did Big TIM SULLIVAN. His kind is the rarest kind. Many great minds there are, but few indeed have possessed such a heart. As deep and broad as the ocean was his humanity. He always loved mankind, but he loved it most in its afflictions. He was broad and tolerant. The humble thanks of the poor and afflicted brought more pleasure to his soul than any other worldly thing could give.

To speak of a man as genuine has always seemed to me the highest kind of tribute to personal character. Mr. SULLIVAN was genuine. People may speak of the artistic temperament, the judicial temperament, the legislative temperament, but "Big Tim" personified in his temperament all the cardinal virtues. He was filled with faith, hope, and charity; and with him the greatest of these was charity.

In temper he was as simple as a child, as brave as a lion, as tender as a woman. Candor and courage were marked virtues with him. He loved his country with an intense love, and the welfare of his constituents was his highest aim.

He advocated suffrage for women because, he said, he observed in late years as many women as men on the streets of New York at 6 o'clock in the morning.

I learned to respect him for his native wisdom and his broad learning, acquired in the bitter school of experience. His presence always lent a distinct quality to any conference on political and governmental subjects. He always advanced considerations which otherwise would not receive proper attention. His rise from abject poverty to a high place among the leaders of

men can only be accounted for by crediting him with high qualities of both heart and mind and an industry of uncommon kind. His abstemious life was also a contributory cause. It is not generally known that he never drank liquor nor used tobacco.

For his simple virtue I would paraphrase Leigh Hunt's immortal poem:

Abou BIG TIM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made BIG TIM bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said TIM. "Nay; not so,"
Replied the angel. TIM spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with great awakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! BIG TIM's name led all the rest.

Mr. CALDER. Mr. Speaker, TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was a type of man in the public life in New York City that is fast becoming extinct. Born in that city in 1863 of Irish parentage, he was elected to the New York Assembly when hardly of age. He was subsequently elected to the senate and served for a number of years. He was elected to the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses, again elected to the State senate, being elected in 1912 to the Sixty-third Congress. He was a comparatively young man; but in the years that he lived there were crowded together many events of a public character with which he had much to do. Congressman SULLIVAN was a natural leader of men. He did not dominate them through fear of his power, but rather through a kindly disposition. He practiced the art of winning his people by treating them kindly and taking care of them in their hour of distress. He had lived among them as a poor boy, grown up among them, knew their needs, and knew how to win their affection and loyalty.

Mr. SULLIVAN was a man of very large influence in the Democratic Party in New York City in that section lying south of Fourteenth Street, a section upon which the Democratic organization depended for its large majorities. Mr. SULLIVAN, through his years of leadership, was always accessible to every human being who lived in his neighborhood. He believed it the duty of a political leader to find employment for his people, to take care of them when they were sick, to bury their dead if their family was without funds; to save the wayward boy from prison and a life of crime when he was arrested for some slight violation of the law—in other words, he stood as the father of his whole community. He never posed as the leader of his party in New York, but rather as one of the group of men who molded the policy of that party. I seldom agreed with Congressman SULLIVAN in any of the public policies he advocated, and have always been on the opposite side politically, but I had a very high regard for his constant consideration of his people, particularly his attitude toward the unfortunate and friendless of our city.

One Christmas Day, without being known, I visited his headquarters in the Bowery in New York City where all the poor and derelicts of the city were gathered for their Christmas dinner. His custom was to give everybody who came a substantial meal, and before they left to provide them with some warm clothing and shoes to protect them from the winter weather. It was a wonderful sight, and I learned then why these men would vote for and with him on any measure, and die for him if asked. He had a kindly smile and was a man of exemplary personal habits. Among the people with whom he lived and by many great charities in the city of New York he will be sorely missed. I am glad to be present to-day and stand in my place to pay my personal tribute to this man who was so suddenly taken away, a man unique and a tower of strength in his day—a master politician of his kind and a big-hearted friend. New York City in his death lost one of its most interesting characters. The Democratic Party lost one of its strongest leaders, and the people of his district, irrespective of party, lost a kind, good, and true friend, and we all lost one of the most likable men who ever became a leader.

Mr. GOULDEN. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to read an address sent here by our colleague, Hon. HARRY HOWARD DALE, of the fourth New York district, who, much to his regret, is unavoidably absent to-day.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from New York? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

Mr. DALE. Mr. Speaker, the House of Representatives meets to-day to pay its final tribute of respect to one of its Members, the Hon. TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN, who passed away on August 31, in the year 1913. The poor people of the city of New York were shocked to the extreme when the sad news reached them that their dearest friend's eyes had closed in death. Such was TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN that we gather here to-day to pay tribute to. As a New York boy beginning his life, the struggle being a hard one, he never forgot the fact that he was a member of the common people, and until his death was ever ready and willing to aid and assist them; and therefore this element which goes to make up the great population of the metropolitan city of New York will forever honor the grand characteristics and memory of their noble champion who has answered the inevitable summons.

It was my pleasure to have spent several years in the Legislature of the State of New York with him, which gave me opportunity to personally observe and study him, and I therefore, Mr. Speaker, refer to him by reason of personal knowledge. His great motto always was: "To make success, all men must help each other." The people of the city of New York loved him. Many a heavy heart he gladdened that stood on the shore of despair by his ever-ready willingness, liberality, and charitable instinct. Most of his life was spent in what is known in the city of New York as the Bowery section, and he never forgot the scenes of his boyhood days, always keeping in touch with his people; always prominent in all their gatherings. He loved to associate with them, to greet them with a smile and a hearty grasp of the hand, and in return to receive their loyalty, love, and friendship. The letter carriers, the policemen, the firemen, the old soldiers, the friendless widow, and the homeless girl and boy will miss him, for he was ever their friend. They learned to know his ability and his worth, and they appreciated the faithfulness and devotion with which he served them. His memory will ever remain in the hearts of the people he represented so long and so ably. He was a self-made man. In his boyhood days he sold newspapers on the streets of New York.

Mr. Speaker, keeping that in mind and knowing what a great man he rose to be, it represents a hard and persistent battle. At a very early age, immediately after attaining his majority, he was elected to the Assembly of the State of New York to represent the people of the district where his boyhood days were spent. All that he was, the position that he achieved, was due to his own exertions and honest work. His career, indeed, furnishes a splendid lesson to the youth of this country and goes to show that in this land of the free and land of opportunity, however lowly or humble a boy's origin may be, he may rise to the highest rank and obtain the most exalted station. Of him it can be truly said that there is no stain upon his record and that he will be followed to his grave with the sincere regrets of all with whom he came in contact. Our colleague had an unfailing sense of humor, which smoothed over the rough obstacles of life we encounter on our travels. He was a good story teller; so when we saw him come, how welcome he became, knowing the likelihood of an enlivening conversation. His knowledge of political subjects was large, so that his observations were illuminated by reference to national events and what the great statesmen of the country had said and done in connection therewith, and his quotations were accurate and pertinent. He did not have the ambition for an orator's reputation, but was always ever alert to protect the interests of his people; and he never permitted any matter in which they were interested to be neglected or passed by. He eagerly watched such measures and was ever watchful in securing votes for the side he favored. Thus his great use to his district was known by his people and appreciated handsomely at the polls. He was an incessant worker for his constituents in all directions, so that they loved and honored him.

TIMOTHY D. SULLIVAN was one of the kindest hearted men I ever knew. His grief was extreme for the loss of one he loved. I know, as do many others, the saddening effect upon his life of the death of his cousin, the late Timothy P. Sullivan. He never ceased to grieve over that loss, and I doubt if a day passed thereafter when he did not live over again the charming relations he had been permitted for years to enjoy. It was a blow from which he never recovered, and no doubt was in a large measure responsible for his lingering illness that finally brought him to his end. Mr. Speaker, I could go on for an unlimited period of time dwelling upon the public services he has rendered, his record for honest and intelligent service to not only the people of the Nation, but particularly to the people of the city of New York, which is too well known to be referred to here by me. His influence could always be relied upon in favor of those things that were for the right. His spirit was not that of a warrior trampling and crushing

those who stood in the way of his ambition. On he ventured along; the pathway, a bright smile upon his face, a willing hand to help the helpers on their way, and lo, when he reached the river a great multitude are gathered on its bank with rueful countenance, and when the boatman appears to bear him hence, there is still a greater multitude with outstretched hands to greet him on the shore.

Mr. LEVY. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that Members may have five legislative days in which to extend their remarks in the Record.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from New York [Mr. LEVY] asks unanimous consent that Members who have not participated in to-day's ceremonies may have five legislative days in which to extend their remarks in the Record. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none, and it is so ordered.

ADJOURNMENT.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Gentlemen, in accordance with the resolution previously adopted, the House now stands adjourned until 12 o'clock noon to-morrow.

Accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned to meet to-morrow, Monday, June 22, 1914, at 12 o'clock noon.

SENATE.

MONDAY, June 22, 1914.

The Senate met at 12 o'clock m.

The Chaplain, Rev. Forrest J. Prettyman, D. D., offered the following prayer:

Almighty God, we thank Thee for coming more and more out of the shadows into the clear light of day, for the increased knowledge that gives the brighter vision of Thy face, for the uplift of humanity that brings us into closer relationship to Thy great plan and purpose. The motive that Thou dost present to us is the strength of life. The influences of Thy grace are our inspiration. The ideals of Thy word are the glory of all our human endeavor. Grant us Thy grace and wisdom to walk with a clear conscience through the hours of this day. May we find high and holy fellowship with God in the discharge of all our duties. For Christ's sake. Amen.

The Journal of the proceedings of Saturday last was read and approved.

FINDINGS OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

The VICE PRESIDENT laid before the Senate communications from the assistant clerk of the Court of Claims transmitting certified copies of the findings of fact and conclusions filed by the court in the following causes:

The Baptist Church of Beaufort, N. C., against United States (S. Doc. No. 521);

James B. Russell, administrator cum testamento annexo of William L. Hollis, deceased, against United States (S. Doc. No. 520);

Marcus D. Wright, executor of the last will and testament of Thomas G. Wright, deceased, against United States (S. Doc. No. 518); and

The trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church South of Annandale, Va., against United States (S. Doc. 519).

The foregoing findings were, with the accompanying papers, referred to the Committee on Claims and ordered to be printed.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

A message from the House of Representatives, by D. K. Hempstead, its enrolling clerk, announced that the House had passed the joint resolution (S. J. Res. 160) providing for the procurement of title to land at Cape Henry, in the State of Virginia, for works for fortification and coast-defense purposes.

ENROLLED BILLS SIGNED.

The message further announced that the Speaker of the House had signed the following enrolled bills, and they were thereupon signed by the Vice President:

S. 661. An act for the relief of the widow of Thomas B. McClintic, deceased; and

S. 4377. An act to provide for the construction of two revenue cutters.

PETITIONS AND MEMORIALS.

Mr. THOMPSON presented a petition of the Epworth League, of Mankato, Kans., praying for the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and im-

portation of intoxicating beverages, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. PERKINS presented a petition of the Epworth League of the Garvanza Methodist Episcopal Church, of Los Angeles, Cal., praying for the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation of intoxicating beverages, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. OVERMAN. I present a telegram in the nature of a petition signed by citizens of Rutherfordton, N. C., petitioning Congress to submit an amendment prohibiting importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors. I ask that the telegram be printed in the Record and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

There being no objection, the telegram was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary and ordered to be printed in the Record, as follows:

[Telegram.]

RUTHERFORD, N. C., June 19, 1914.

Hon. LEE S. OVERMAN,

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.:

Undersigned petition Congress to submit amendment prohibiting importation, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

J. B. CARPENTER.

W. A. HARRILL.

JAMES M. CARSON.

K. G. CARPENTER.

R. R. BLANTON.

M. O. DICKERSON.

C. C. REID.

C. E. TANNER.

J. D. HULL.

F. B. RANKIN.

J. F. FLACK.

A. R. YELTON.

Mr. PENROSE presented petitions of sundry citizens of Scranton and Philadelphia, in the State of Pennsylvania, praying for the enactment of legislation to provide for Federal censorship of motion pictures, which were referred to the Committee on Education and Labor.

Mr. TILLMAN presented petitions of sundry citizens of Newberry, S. C., praying for the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution to prohibit the manufacture, sale, and importation of intoxicating beverages, which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. WEEKS presented a petition of the congregation of the First Baptist Church of Waltham, Mass., praying for national prohibition, which was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

He also presented a petition of the Socialist Club of Attleboro, Mass., and a petition of Local Branch, National Association of Civil Service Employees, of Concord, Mass., praying for the enactment providing for the retirement of civil-service employees, which were referred to the Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment.

Mr. SHIVELY presented the memorials of A. R. Dauth, C. Pilchin, William Wessel, M. A. Jenkins, Henry G. Jacobs, H. Thomas, and 58 other citizens of Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, and Evansville, all in the State of Indiana, remonstrating against national prohibition, which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. NELSON presented a petition of the Chamber of Commerce of Chattanooga, Tenn., praying for the enactment of legislation to regulate bills of lading, etc., which was referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. HUGHES presented memorials of sundry citizens of New Jersey, remonstrating against national prohibition, which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

He also presented petitions of sundry citizens of New Jersey, praying for national prohibition, which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. LEA of Tennessee presented petitions of sundry citizens of Ridgedale and Dickson, in the State of Tennessee, praying for national prohibition, which were referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

ISAAC J. REESE.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to which was referred the bill (S. 1160) for the relief of Isaac J. Reese, reported it without amendment and submitted a report (No. 606) thereon.

AFFAIRS IN NICARAGUA.

Mr. STONE, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which was referred the resolution (S. Res. 396) authorizing the Committee on Foreign Relations to make an inquiry into the transactions of Brown Bros. and Seligman and Speyer & Co. concerning the validity of certain bonds issued by former President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, etc., reported it with an amendment in the nature of a substitute, and moved that it be referred to the Committee to Audit and Control the Contingent Expenses of the Senate, which was agreed to.